World. The

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DEBASED.

IGHT YEARS ago this fall, when the State of New York was congratulating itself upon the establishment of the Public Service Commissions, Gov. Hughes voiced the general satisfaction and belief in what had been accomplished:

"A difficult problem of first importance was presented in connection with our public service corporations.

"It was our object to remove this from the field of reckless agitation and to provide, to the fullest extent consistent with constitutional requirements, methods of investigation and redress through which the public obligations of reasonable, impartial and adequate service could be enforced, and public eafety and convenience be con-

"Our Public Service Commissions Law provides the necessary machinery and powers,

"to the use of which have been called men owing no allegiance to any special interest, unembarrassed by either financial or political obligation, who are devoting themselves with a single purpose to the protection of the rights of the people."

Measured by that standard, what becomes of Edward E. McCall, discredited Chairman of the Public Service Commission of this district, with his Kings County Light stock, his soft dealings with corporations, his Tammany ties, his record of neglected duty and cynical defiance toward the public he was pledged to serve?

"We have found defects in the law, but the largest fault is with those who are administering the law," is the finding of the Thompson committee.

Mr. McCall is himself a measure of how far the standard has fallen since Gov. Hughes's time.

The State waits for the present Governor to put it back.

Somebody's facts about the Ancona are doubtless the facts, but who is he?

A SHAKE-UP IN PERSIA?

UCTIONS in Europe have joggled and to all appearances upset the Government of Persia. The Shah has risen hastily from his throne in Teheran and souttled away with his Ministersprobably to Ishpahan.

We have heard little of what has been going on in hither Asia. Toward the end of September British troops were reported chasing a Turkish army along the Tigris. Russians have for a long time been campaigning without much success in Northern Persia. It is plain that German influences have been steadily at work trying to establish an ascendency in the Persian capital, but latest reports indicate that a Russian army has, in vulgar phrase, beaten them to it.

If it is true that Russian forces are at the gates of Teheran and Russian and British diplomats preparing to take over the Persian Government, the Entente Powers can score one forehanded grab over Germany-albeit somewhat far affeld. There have not been many.

If the Shah has put his trust in the Germans and the Turks he is the first of the rulers who have taken that course to topple off his There has to be a beginning.

The Government declines to make any deal with Bomb Plotter Fay. Uncle Sam is not yet reduced to dickering with

THE MAYOR'S ILLNESS.

AYOR MITCHEL has the city's sincere good wishes for a

For this generation appendicitis has fairly become a scener-or-later affliction which nobody is surprised to find himself ferced to encounter. Surgeons have had plenty of chance to become adepts in handling it. If a man is reasonably sound there is little danger. Good habits, exercise and a few weeks each year in a training camp—the Mayor was a hard-working citizen soldier only three months ago are pretty sure guarantees under the surgeon's knife.

We are told it took an hour to find an ambulance to carry the Mayor to the hospital. If he had been a humble citizen knocked down by a trolley car he could probably have had one in five minutes. for the sick, as no man in his strength One of the misfortunes of those in high places is the difficulty they often find in getting the commonplace machinery of every-day life to work for them. When anything happens those around them be- pulled down the window-shade come excited and attack simple jobs at the wrong end or otherwise

It may be, however, that ambulance service hereabouts has settled into a hard and fast routine and needed to be startled out of it. If so the desired effect has doubtless already been produced-without, we are glad to think, any ill consequences to the Mayor.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World), for the contract of the contra constitute an overwhelming advantage." said a local business man "Here as in advertising there seems to be a law of diminishing returns.

"Let us admit that the big organization has a strong advantage in purchasing power. In the case of a department store still another advantage is apparent. The average purchase per individual amounts to a greater sum than in the small specialty store. This is because a person enters with the idea of making, perhaps, a fifty-cent purchase. But in passing through the aisles the display of articles suggests additional needs.

"On the other hand, the specialty store proprietor operates, as a rule, under a much lower overhead expense. He maintains no rest roops, welfare institutions and personality of the man at the helm. A high degree of efficiency and mentality will succeed in either case." "Let us admit that the big organ-

nor emphasizes his goods-on-approval policy to the extent that obtains in the cases of his larger competitors he suffers much less from the abuses which attend these policies.

"As previously stated, the small dealer saves may now the state of the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves may be a second to the small dealer saves are small dealer saves and the small dealer saves are saves as the saves are saves as the small dealer saves are saves as the small dealer saves are saves as the saves are saves are saves as the saves are saves as the saves are saves are saves as the saves are sav

The Heavy End & By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family -By Roy L. McCardell-

"Not rats," replied Mrs. Jarr. "No-

body is wearing rate this year, not

even in their hair. It's either skunk

Mr. Jarr laughed a hollow laugh,

he knew not why. Mrs. Jarr noted

the hollow laugh with some asperity.

Then she made Mr. Jarr sample all

of the left-over medicines all around.

Copyright, 1916, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World R. JARR had come home tinued. "She has four inches of fur with a bad cold and as a on the bottom of the skirt." prospective invalid was an "Oh, rats!" said the invalid, fer-

object of great interest to vently. Mrs. Jarr. who had searche the medicine closet in the bathroom and had brought forth a formidable array of medicine bottles in seeking or beaver." drugs and lotions that might be used

There is a superstition in the feminine mind that all medicine is good "That's right. Make fun of me until used. The careful observer will when I try to comfort you when you note that the good housewife will rid are sick!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "But the household of old clothes, old fur- when I am ill you never come near niture, old carpets, but never old me." medicines. Medicines are suppose to contain properties that keep then

Mr. Jarr had been dosed with sev eral sorts of stale medicines and had Jarr feverish and incoherent and inbeen put to bed, with several more

Morning was now at hand, and bedside, having been up early to concoot him a broth-supposedly good would partake of it.

"Did you take your medicine this morning?" asked Mrs. Jarr, as she make the room nice and gloomy.

"No, I didn't!" said Mr. Jarr, What you made me take last night burned me inside and kept me awake. It wasn't cough medicine; it was rheumatism liniment, and I know it." Mr. Jarr groaned at the thought, and feebly asked that the window shade be raised a little that he might not die in the dark.

Mrs. Jarr, to humor him, went to the front room and pulled down the shades on the windows there. "If I darken it in here," she re-

marked, "it will seem lighter in the street excited her interest. But she did not raise the shade, she only peeked from the side.

"My gracious!" she cried. "If you

"They'll save the women and chil dren first, I hope," muttered Mr. Jarr. from where she stood in the front

"It isn't a fire!" she snapped. "It's Mrs. Stryver. She is wearing one of his wife very unhappy with jealousy. the new crinoline dresses, and she looks like a balloon,"

Mr. Jarr groaned and turned over and Mrs. Jarr left the conning tower and returned to the sickroom, "She looks like a fright," jahe

intimate friends and nearest relations unless there was a servant to wait same have everything possible, down upon the guests. But modern condi-

tions have changed all that. Many a jolly card party, cozy afternoon tea, dainty luncheon or supper party is held in a servantless home and everything is so cleverly managed that the guests scarcely know whether a servant is kept or not.

The secret of successful entertainng, especially where no help is kept lies in what old fashioned people call

later he was surprised to find Mr. fence. But the doctor thinks Mr. Jarr will sisting he had a plan to make a be all right to-morrow. Anyway, he

bottles of the left-over concections suit of clothes out of wall paper, has ordered in some new-laid medi-close at hand, to be taken in the and that the latest way to dress the cine for him.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World), HER a woman marries a heart-breaker she funcies she has a "corner on his affections." Afterwards she sometimes wonders which

Why is it that when a man isn't telling you how much he loves you he dways insists on filling up the time by telling you how much he loves

No, dearie, love is not "like the measles," because on attack of the measles makes you immune, but one attack of love makes a man so much more susceptible that he catches it again every time he is exposed to it.

A plain girl may make a more solid wife than a pretty one, but, good bedroom." But while pulling down gracious! corned beef and cabbage make a more solid meal than terrapin the blind something she saw in the and champagne, yet that doesn't signify that they will agree with you

When a girl chooses a career in preference to matrimony she merely weren't sick I'd have you come here exchanges the life job of catering to one man's whims for the doubtful joy of catering to the whims of any man who happens to employ her.

Adam was probably the only husband who could truthfully tell his Mrs. Jarr's keen ear caught the words wife that he "never looked at another woman."

When a girl meets a particularly fascinating married man she can al ways derive a little consolation from the thought that he probably makes

Nobody has thought of it, of course, but perhaps there would be

ernal Magdalene if it were not for the Eternal Don Juan. Reno Motto: Westward the course of "True Love" takes its way!

Everyday Perplexities

THERE was a time, not so very forethought. It does not matter yourself and have your guests do the I asked to visit her.

When the doctor arrived an hour female hair was over a barbwire

teapot, all ready to pour the hot water on at the proper time.

In giving dinners and luncheons,

try to serve as many disher as pos-sible that can be cooked beforehand and warmed up just before the meal. In carefully studying any good cook book it is really surprising how many delicious dishes of this sort can be found.

It is easy to serve refreshments a card parties, for the small tables at which the games are played can be used for the supper and the dishes can be passed by the host and other gentlemen present.

The Way to Eden. Bu Clarence Porter Crane. LOST the way to Eden; oh.

way lay fair to trace: I left my guide a-standing Yarrow's market place. Her eyes they held the mirage of Elysium where we fared, But I went thimble-rigging, where the Gypsys' torches flared.

The stained dawn led me further to forget, and then regret; But Yarrow's Square was when the second sun had set.

Perchance the way to Eden lies across

where the woodlands whisper rest. But scent of summer leafage and the murmur of the sea, Or Eden, with its glory never more may call to me.

I'm waiting at the crossways, where the highroads pause with grace, For heart's desire that wandered from old Yarrow's masket place.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 74. -- THREE -- AND AN EXTRA; by Rudyard Kipling. HE Bremmils had been married three years. Long enough for the suns of India to bleach a bit of Mrs. Bremmil's gay beauty; long enough for the flirtations of India's departmental society to tome down some of Bremmil's earlier devotion to his wife.

Still, the couple were happy enough together until the Baby died. Then Mrs. Bremmil went all to pieces. She cried night and day; she moped about the house; she refused all invitations; she grew careless about dress. Now, this is no way to hold a husband's love. Bremmit began to tire of tears, of dowdiness, of spending his evenings in a house of mourning. And, manlike, he looked elsewhere for diversion.

The Bremmils were at Simla. So was Mrs. Hauksbee.

Mrs. Hauksbee was by far the eleverest woman in Simla. Also, she had a positive genius for stealing other women's husbands. She cast her big violet eyes upon Bremmil. And presently all Simla began to gossip.

While Mrs. Bremmil stayed cooped up at home, sobbing softly over Baby's empty little shoes, Bremmil was seen everywhere with Mrs. Hauksbee. He rode, danced and dired with her. Every one was talking about it, except poor Mrs. Bremmil, who, as usual in such cases,

was the very last to hear of the affair.

At last, though, no less than eight dear wome friends called on her and, as a matter of duty, told her all about it. Very civilly the thanked them for their good offices and made no comment on their news.

She did not speak of the matter to Bremmil. But she decided that the memory of a dead child was worth considerably less than the affections of

living husband. And quietly she made her plans to battle for his waning love against "the cleverest woman in Simla." A few days later the Bremmils received an invitation to Government House for the biggest dance of the season. Mrs. Bremmil said to her husband: "I can't go; it's too soon after poor little Florrie. But it needn't stop

Which was just what Bremmil had wanted and expected her to say. For he had arranged to go to the ball with Mrs. Hauksbee. And he went. The dance was well under way when Bremmil, with Mrs. Hauksbee on his arm, came face to face with his own wife, who had just arrived. He stared at Mrs. Bremmil in stark amaze, scarce recognizing her. For she was trans-

formed as if by a miracle. The sallow, red-eyed dowdy had blossomed forth into an exquisite beauty. She wore a marvellous dress, best described as a "creation." Her eyes were glowing and her face was flushed with excitement.

Men thronged eagerly around her clamoring for dances. She granted them every dance but three. Bremmil's dormant love stirred into flame at sight of his wife's new loveliness and of the admiration showered on her. Humbly he begged her for a dance. She looked at his card, scratched Mrs. Hauksbee's name from three dances and gave him those. Also, she sat out an "extra" with him. "You take me in to supper, I think, Mr. Bremmil," said Mrs. Hauksbee,

"I'm-I'm going home with my wife," faltered Bremmil. "I think there As the Bremmils left the ball, moving very close together and in utter oblivion of every one else, Mrs. Hauksbee looked sombrely after them. She

was beaten-beaten in a fair fight. And she had the sense to know it. She "The silliest woman can manage a clever man. But it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool!"

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XVII.

served. The sandwiches should be cut and spread and the filling put in and then wrapped in a damp napkin and then wrapped in a damp napkin and take care of their own homes, who are to appear at the festivity. If fruit punch is to be served it should be own homes."

"But I'd like something to do," I left home."

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"But I'd like something to do," I left home."

"Is that what you were crying about? Your anticipations weren't punch is to be served it should be the mistress of their punch is to be served it should be only the pleasant ones if so," he smiled whimmals and put a bare to be served. The solution is to be served it should be only the please themselves."

"But I'd like something to do," I left home."

"Is that what you were crying about? Your anticipations weren't pleasant ones if so," he smiled whim-

punch is to be served it should be mixed and put away in a large pitcher in the refrigerator several hours beforehand, as it is much more delicious if the ingredients have time to blend properly.

And so with everything. Have all attended to before the guests arrive, even to measuring out the tea in the even to measure to be even to measuring out the tea in the to give you money to squander. In the even to measuring out the tea in the even to measure to take the tea in the even to measure to the even to measuring out the tea in the even to measure to the tea in the even to measure to the even to

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Haskail came home neither of us mentioned our conversation of the morning, but I had not forgotten it, neither had he.

By Andre Dupont

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HERE was a time, not so very forethought. It does not matter long ago, when most of us whother you are going to give a card thought that it was impossible attentian anybody except our most informal dinner. If you want to enjoy nate friends and nearest relations wourself and have your guests do the

ways resented Haskall's refusal when laked to visit her.

She have everything possible, down to the minutest detail, prepared beforehand, and then when the company arrives you will have only a very few easy tasks to perform. If, for instance, you have to stop to get ont your teacups, or dress your salad during a luncheon, or do any other of the dozen little things you to teacups, or dress your salad during a luncheon, or do any other of the dozen little things you to to the embarrassing delays in serving your refreshments.

If you are going to give a tea, prepare all the refreshments but the teat quite a little while beforehand. If the cakes are to be home-made they should be baked the day before the affair and on that morning put into the dishes in which they are to be affair and on that morning put into the dishes in which they are to be served. The sandwiches should be passed. The sandwiches should be call.

Ways resented Haskall's refusal when I asked to visit her.

She had written me again, begging me to come over if only for a few days, and I determined to do so if possible.

She had written me again, begging me to come over if only for a few days, and I determined to do so if possible.

"I should like very much to go for a few days," I told Haskall as I gave him Neil's letter to read. He was with Mr. Lucknow. Then I tried to read a letter to him, but invariably allowed him to read my correspance.

"I don't see what you want to go gadding about for! You are like all the refreshments but the tea gain my self-possession, to assume some little dignity.

"May I stay and comfort you, little form again disappeared. "If I can, prove your again disappeared. "If I can, prove your gain my self-possession, to assume some little dignity.

"May I stay and comfort you, little and Haskall to dine with me to-many the provent of the provent of the case are to be home-made they should be such as a provent of the case are to be home-made they are to be affair and on that morning put into the dishes in which they are to be a

spending it."

After Haskall left me I picked up a taking my fingers in his strong clasp. book and tried to read. But his meanness, my uncomfortable position, made (To Be Continued.)

Making a Hit By Alma Woodward

As An Escort.

As An Escort.

PIRST—Call for the girl a half hour before the appointed time. This fusses up the whole family.
Father hasn't finished his afterdinner cigar. Mother hasn't half time to digest the extremely indigestible dessert. And the girl, agitated at keeping you waiting, simply can't get an invisible hairpin to stick in her hair or powder to stick on her nose.

2. As you leave the house gaze anxiously up and down the street, throw-louding the first published.

You've read—before the curtain goes up. Discover celebrities in the boxes and point them out. Ask her if she likes checolates, and hold the dima all poised in your palm as you ask it.

5. In between the first and second acts, with all the sang frold of an irretrievably married man, get up, grab your hat and say: "You won't mind if I go out for a puff, will you? Such a solace, don't you know." That will delight her a lot, because she won't know whether you're trying to be "haute monde" or only rude. She will also welcome you gladly when you return vibrant with Turkish toiously up and down the street, throwing this little built the while: "I didn't come in a taxi because I thought that in this neighborhood there'd surely be a couple of stands, tawdriness of the average restaurant there'd surely be a couple of stands.

there'd surely be a couple of stands. Will you wait here while I phone for one?" What is there for her to say except: "Why, I'd just as soon go in the street car!" (Who's a prevaricator?)

3. In the car begin to talk about the difficulty of procuring seats for the play you are to see. Carelessly the play you are to see. Carelessly changes and fudge seldom like the convenience yours and hers, too.

the play you are to see. Carelessly drop a remark about the convenience of the ticket agencies—the infinitesimal advance in price, &c. Then take out the tickets. She won't know that the leading man gave them to his bootblack who sold them to your barber, who sold them to you for one dollar.

4. Tell her all about the plot and repeat verbatim the different criticisms.